

MARVEL

001
THOMPSON
VIRELLA
BOYD

POE

STAR WARS

DAMERON

ANNUAL



ANNUAL

It is a time of uncertainty in the galaxy. Standing against the brutal oppression of the First Order is General Organa's Resistance, including Poe Dameron and his droid named Beebee-Ate.

Poe Dameron and his team have recently emerged from a bittersweet victory. Through a combination of luck and skill, they defeated the ruthless crime lord Terex, although in the process they suffered the loss of grizzled veteran pilot L'ulo.

In the wake of this loss, Poe is more dedicated than ever to defeating the First Order — no matter the cost. But the same rebellious spirit that makes Poe a great pilot often causes tension in the Resistance....

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Before...





POE, YOU'RE
ONE OF THE BEST
PILOTS IN THE
RESISTANCE--

"ONE
OF" ...?

--BUT
YOU'RE ALSO
AS COCKY AS
YOU ARE
FOOLISH.



BELIEVE
ME, I KNOW
THE TYPE.



YOU WERE SENT ON A
ROUTINE RECONNAISSANCE
MISSION--AND IN THE
PROCESS YOU STARTED
A RIOT, BLEW UP TWO FIRST
ORDER TRANSPORTS AND
BARELY ESCAPED
WITH THE NEEDED
INTEL.

IN FAIRNESS,
I ONLY BLEW UP **ONE**
TRANSPORT, THE SECOND
WAS, WELL, BURNED DOWN
BY THE RIOT, BUT I CAN
EXPLAIN--



ONE OF
THESE DAYS YOUR
RECKLESS BEHAVIOR
IS GOING TO CATCH
UP WITH YOU AND
GET YOU
KILLED...

"...OR WORSE!"

Now...

BLEET?
WRR--

BEEBOOP--
BLEEP!

OF COURSE
I'M ALIVE,
BEEBEE-ATE.

AM I...
ALIVE?

BLEEP
WRR' BLOO
BIP BEE--

C'MON,
IT CAN'T
BE THAT
BAD.

LEMME
JUST GET
A LOOK
AND--



YUP.
THAT
BAD.



THIS
MINEFIELD...IT'S
A RELIC FROM
THE EMPIRE.

BRIGHT SIDE?
I'M SURE GENERAL
ORGANA WILL BE THRILLED
WE CAN CHART THIS DARK
LITTLE CORNER OF THE
GALAXY, RIGHT?

BLOO
WRRBLEET
BIP.

TRUE. SHE
DID GIVE ORDERS
NOT TO PURSUE AN
UNKNOWN DISTRESS
CALL...



...AND
I'M STARTING
TO SEE WHY
NOW.

THE
TRANSPORT THAT
SENT THE DISTRESS
CALL MUST HAVE HIT
THESE MINES,
TOO.

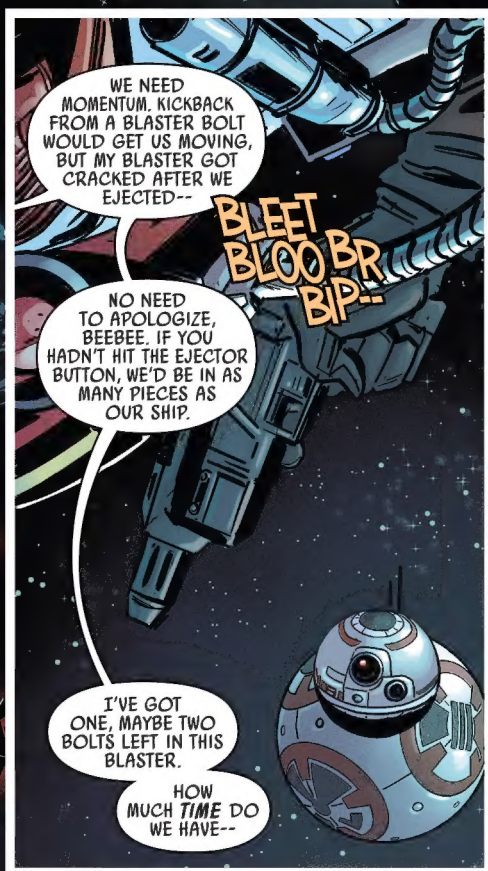


YOU STILL
GETTING A
SIGNAL FROM
THEM,
BEEBEE?

BLOO!

"BARELY"
WORKS FOR ME.
FIRST THINGS FIRST,
WE GOTTA GET
OVER THERE.

...
HOW DO
WE GET OVER
THERE?



WE NEED
MOMENTUM. KICKBACK
FROM A BLASTER BOLT
WOULD GET US MOVING,
BUT MY BLASTER GOT
CRACKED AFTER WE
EJECTED--

BLEET
BLOO BR
BIP--

NO NEED
TO APOLOGIZE,
BEEBEE. IF YOU
HADN'T HIT THE EJECTOR
BUTTON, WE'D BE IN AS
MANY PIECES AS
OUR SHIP.

I'VE GOT
ONE, MAYBE TWO
BOLTS LEFT IN THIS
BLASTER.

HOW
MUCH TIME DO
WE HAVE--



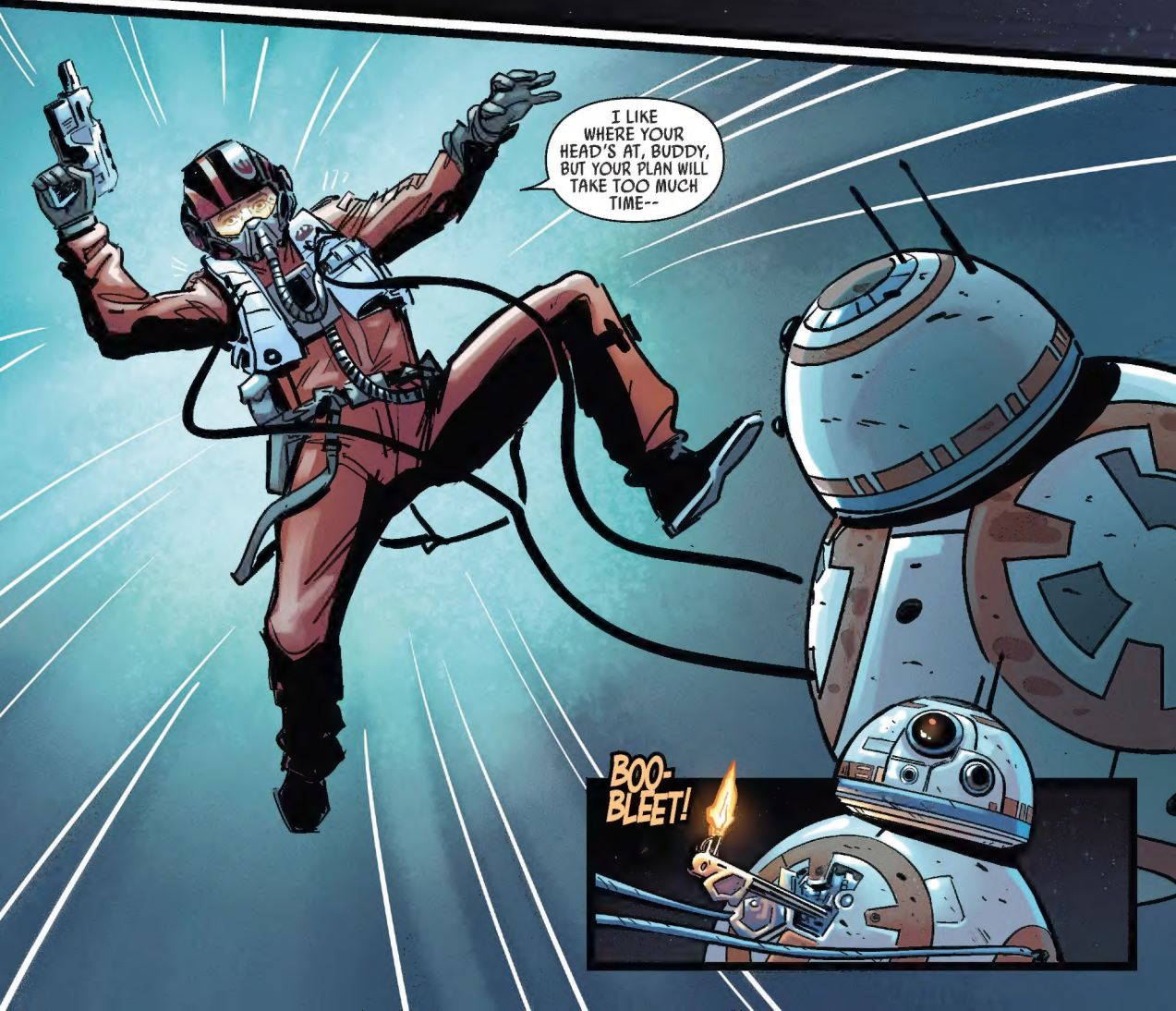
PERFECT. MY
LIFE SUPPORT
IS ALSO
DAMAGED.

I WON'T BE
ABLE TO BREATHE
FOR MUCH
LONGER.

WHICH IS
FINE SINCE
I CAN'T MOVE
ANYWAY.

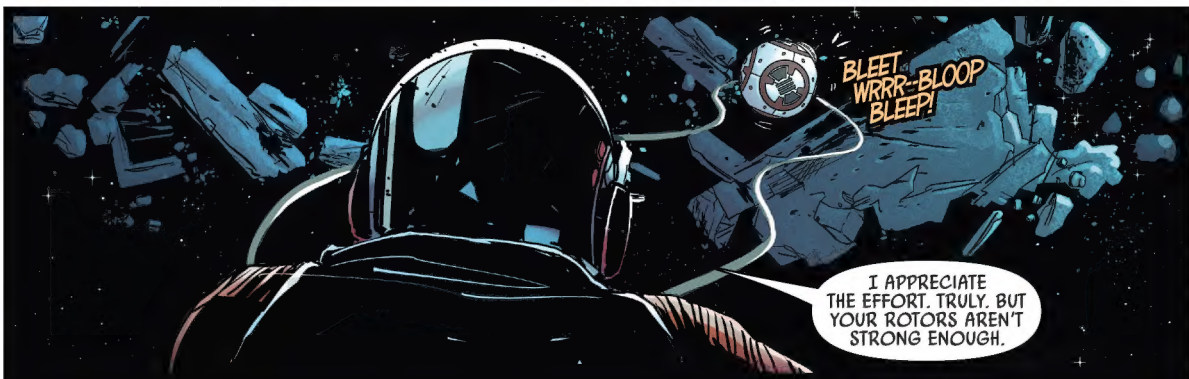
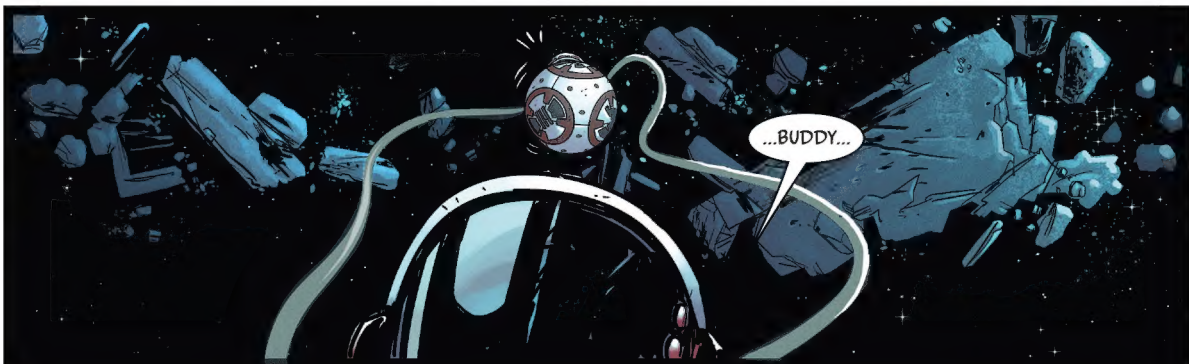


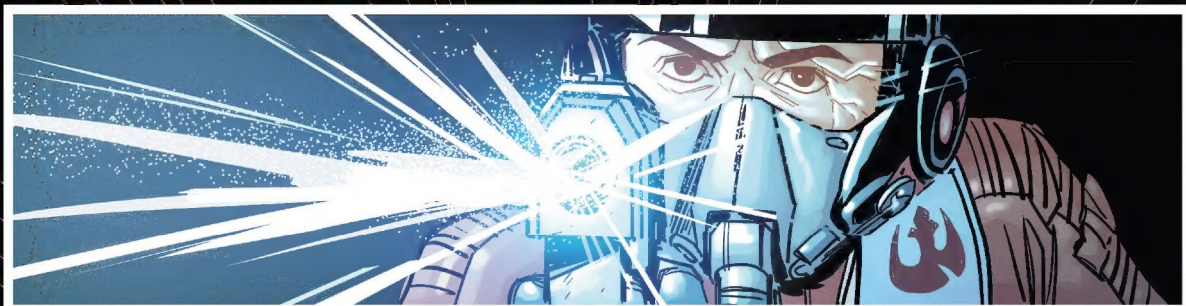
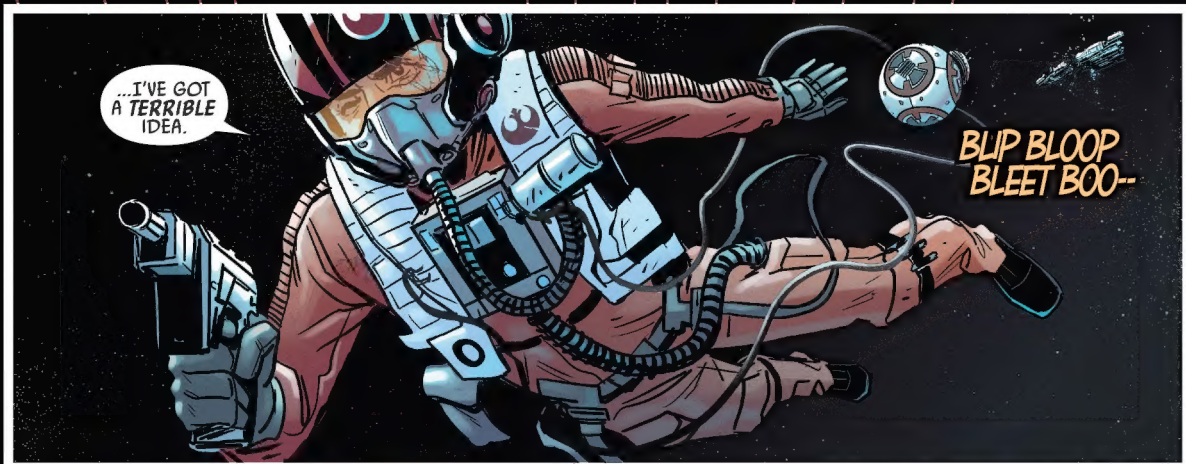
**BLEET
BRR WRR
BLEEP!**



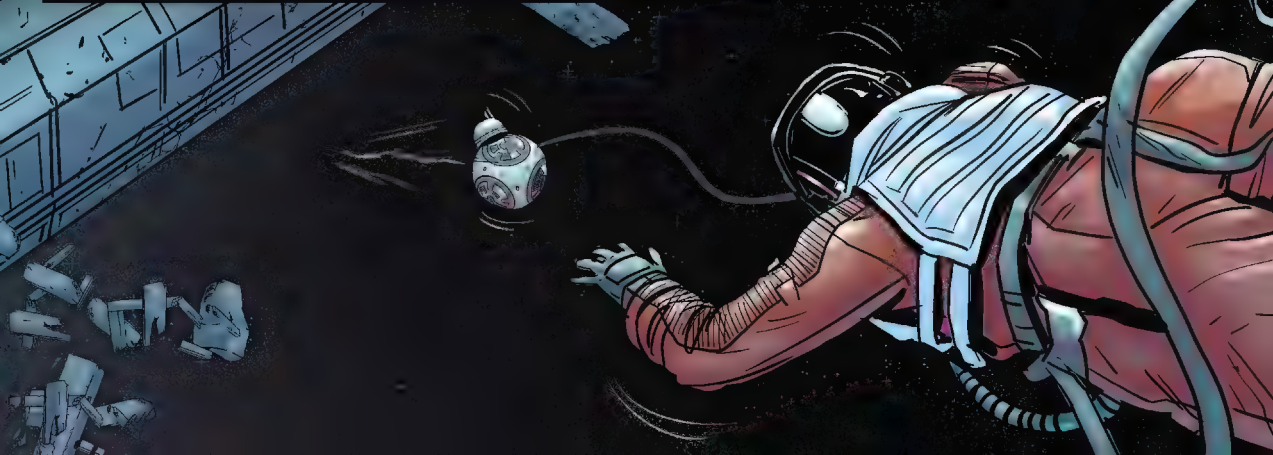
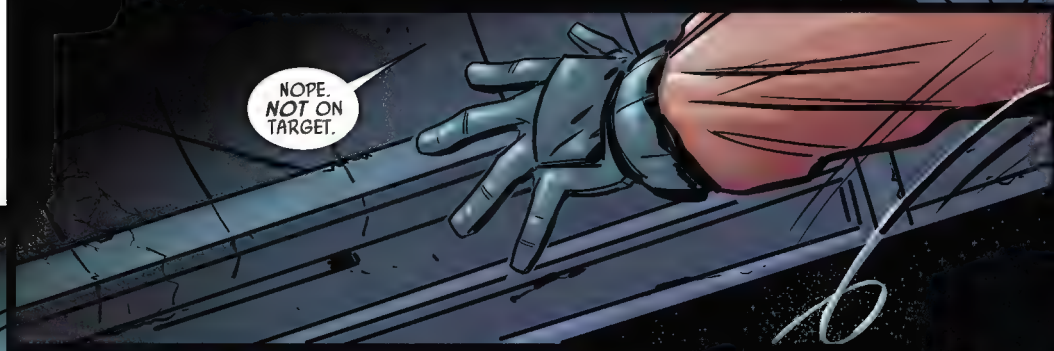
I LIKE
WHERE YOUR
HEAD'S AT, BUDDY,
BUT YOUR PLAN WILL
TAKE TOO MUCH
TIME--

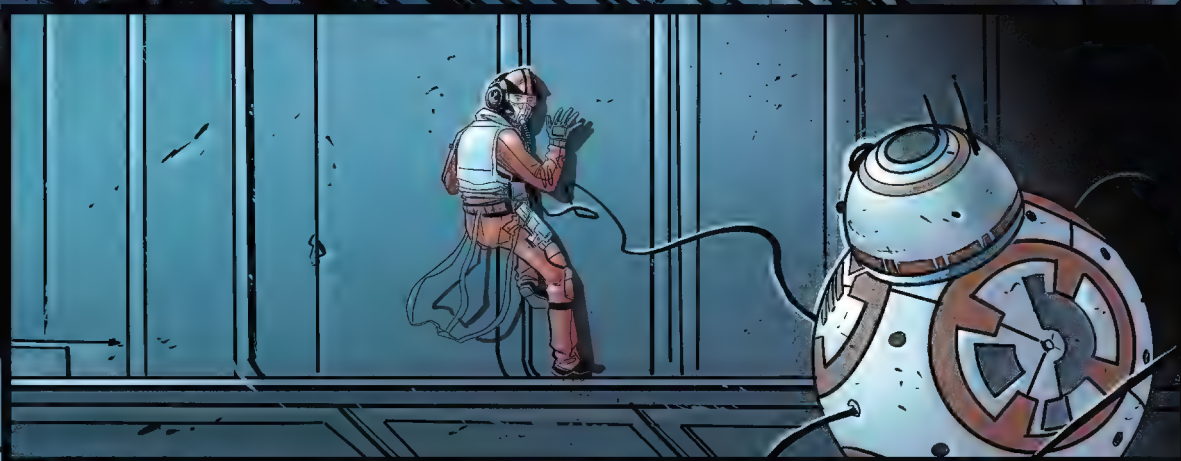
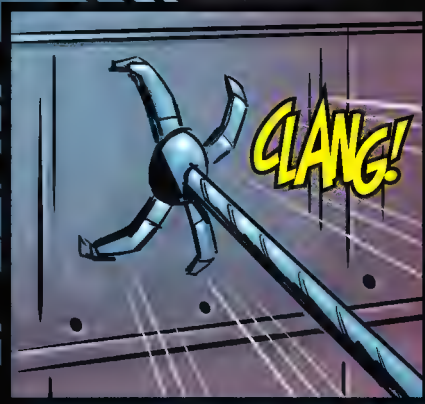
**BOO-
BLEET!**



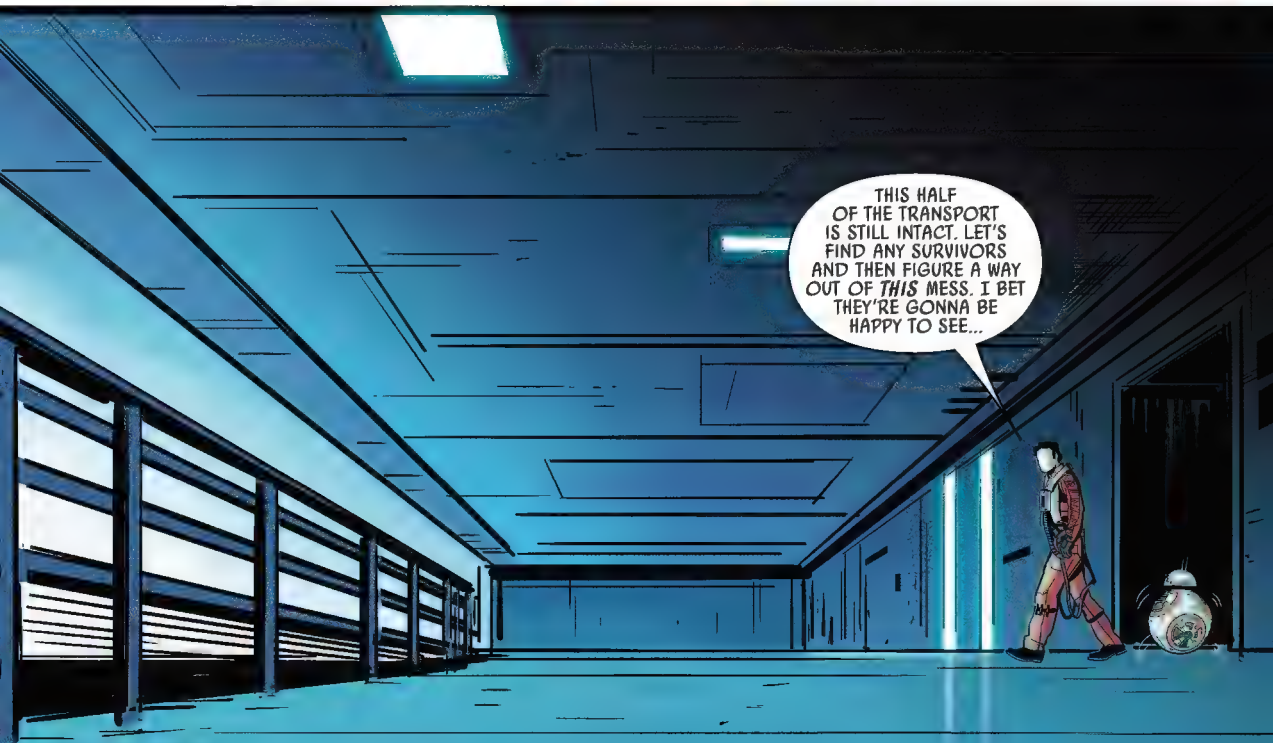


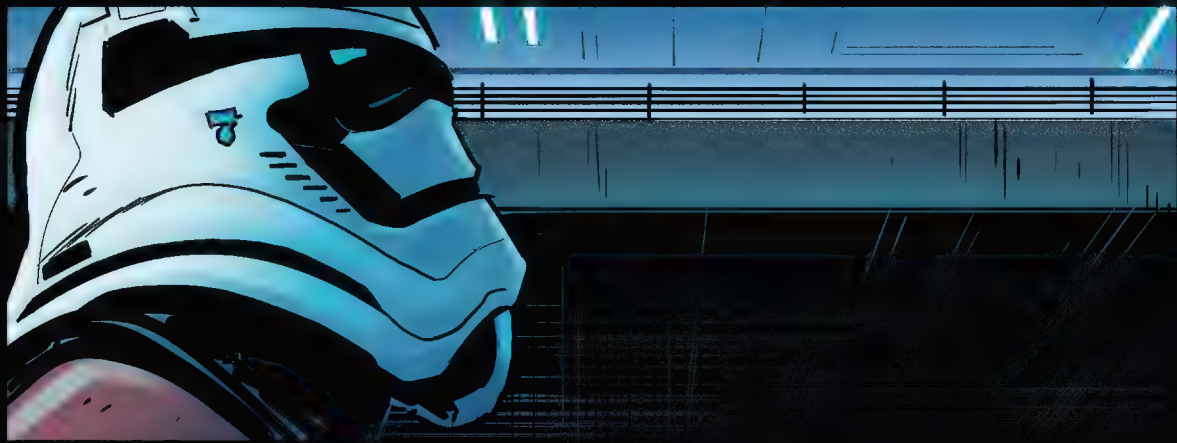
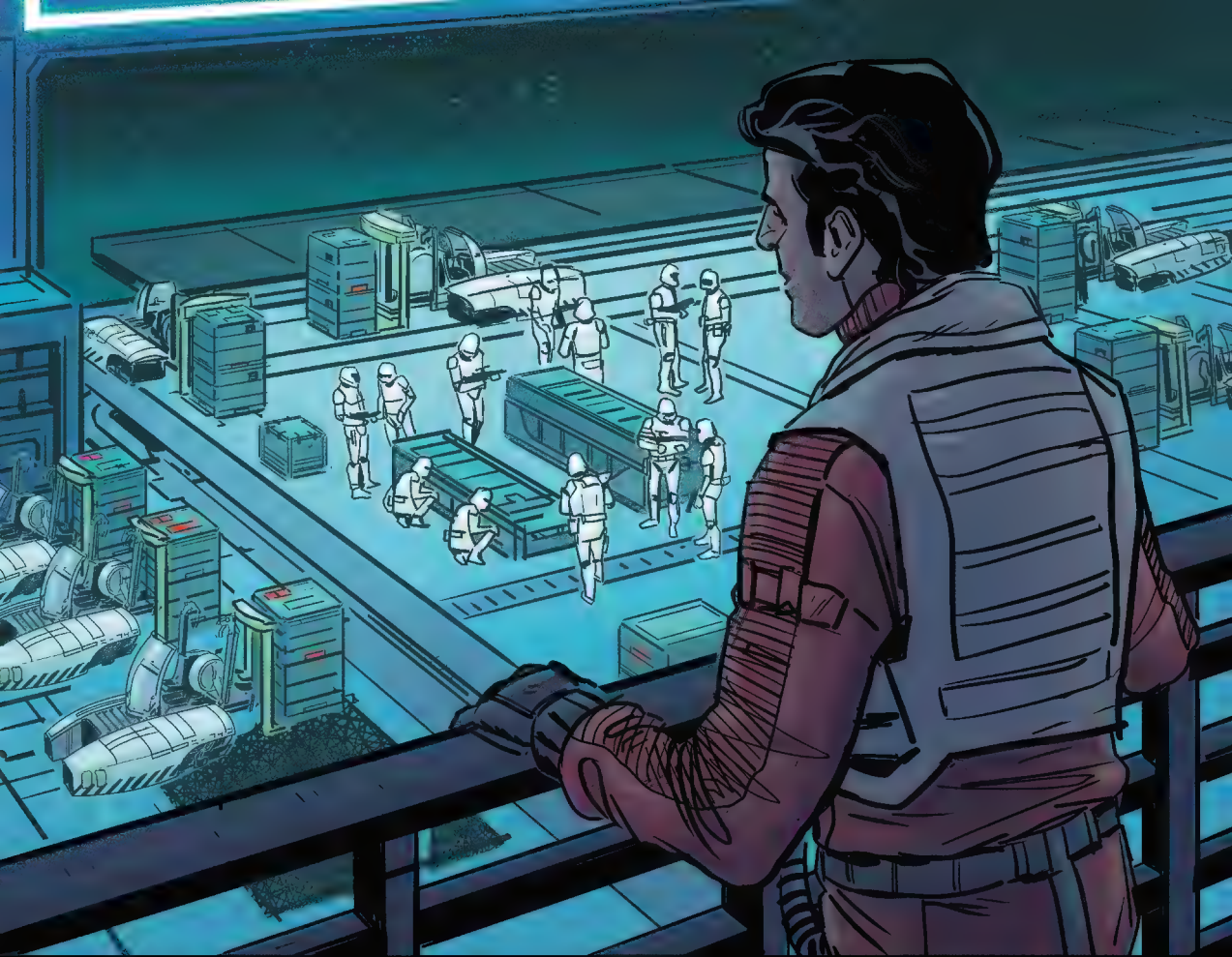
!RAWWA!
DOOOOM!











Before...



THE
THING
IS...

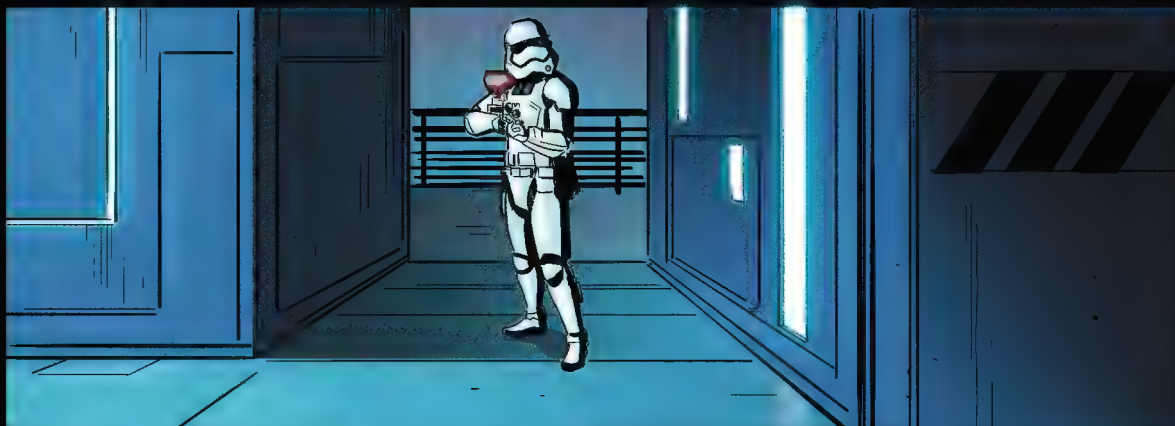


NO, YOU'RE
RIGHT. YOU'RE
ALWAYS RIGHT.
I'M SORRY.



"...BEFORE
IT'S TOO LATE."

Now...



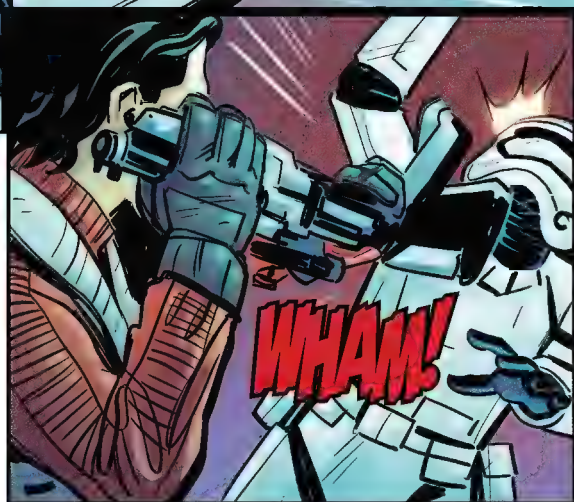
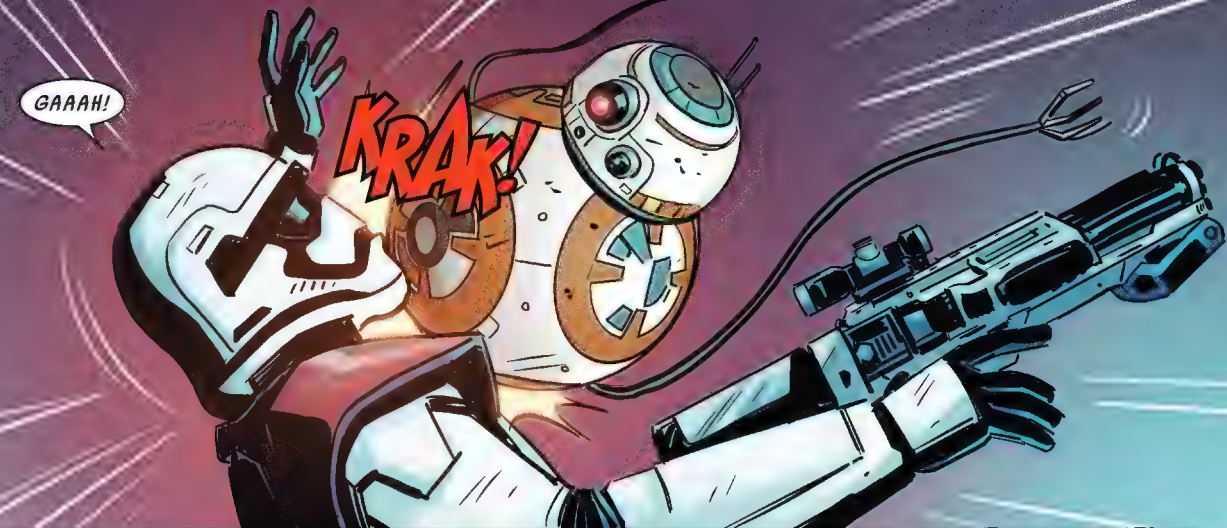
DON'T
MOVE.

YOU
TALKING
TO ME...



...OR MY
FRIEND?

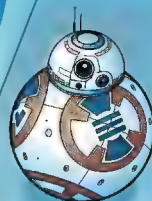
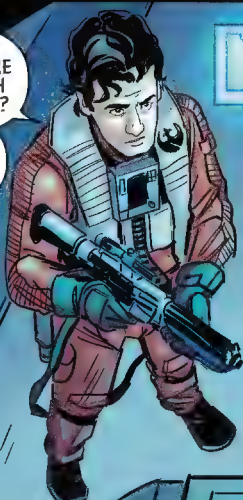
WHAT--?!





THESE
FORKLIFTS ARE
LOADED WITH
EXPLOSIVES...?

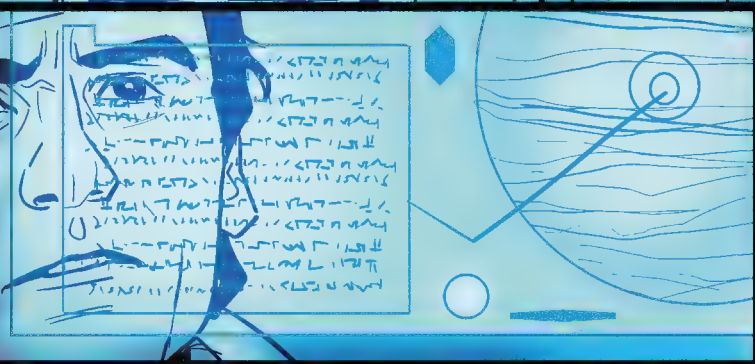
WHERE
ARE THEY
HEADED?



**BROO
BLEEP
BIP**

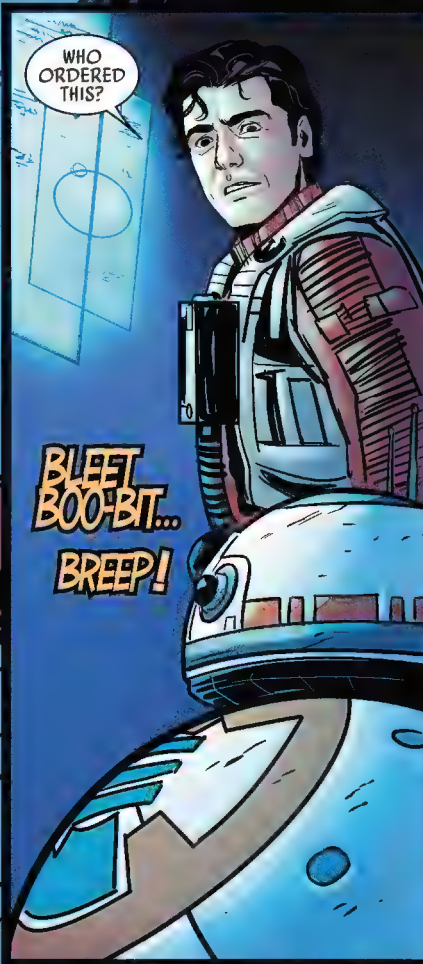
JAELEN?

THE FIRST
ORDER IS USING
CIVILIAN TRANSPORTS
TO SMUGGLE ARMS
FROM THE OUTER RIM
TO PEACEFUL
PLANETS!



WHO
ORDERED
THIS?

**BLEET
BOO-BIT...
BREEP!**



NO...
THAT'S...THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE...

**BREEP
BA-WHOOP!**



"COPY THAT,
BEEBEE--WE'VE GOTTA
GET THIS INTEL TO THE
GENERAL."

THIS
ESCAPE POD.
IS IT STILL
FUNCTIONING?

BLIP!

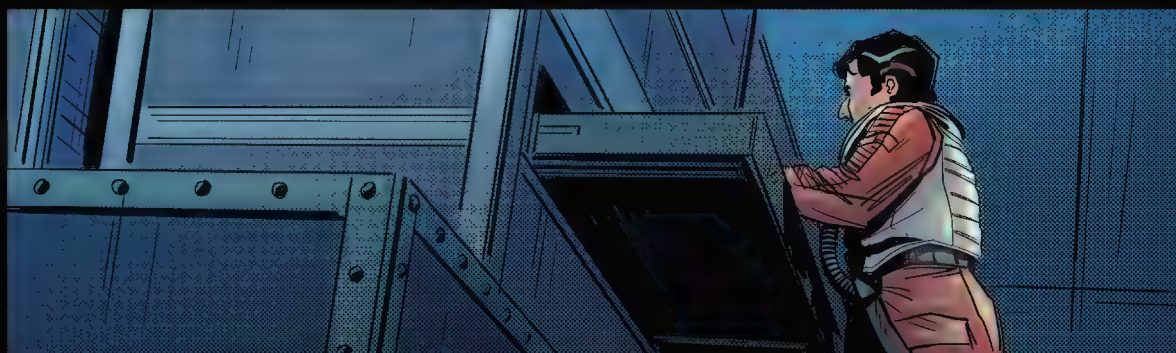
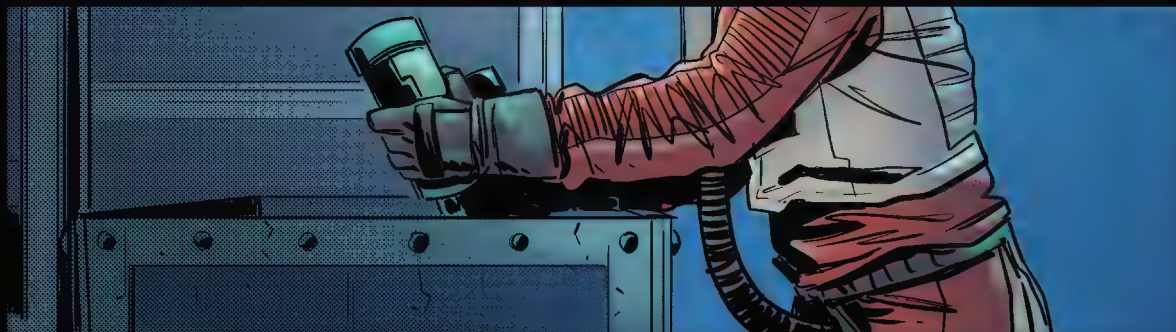
PERFECT.
THAT'S OUR TICKET
OUT OF HERE. BUT
WE'VE GOT WORK TO
DO BEFORE WE
BOARD THAT
POD.

**BLEEET
BRRRR BLOOP
BLEET..**

THAT'S
EXACTLY WHAT
WE'RE GOING TO
DO, BEEBEE. DISARM
ALL THOSE SPICE
TRACTORS BEFORE
WE ESCAPE.

**BLEEP BLRT
BROOOOO?**

FAIR POINT.
BUT DON'T WORRY.
WE'LL PROBABLY GET
CAUGHT BEFORE WE
BLOW OURSELVES
UP.



WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

HONESTLY?

MOST OF THE TIME I HAVE NO IDEA.

HACK!

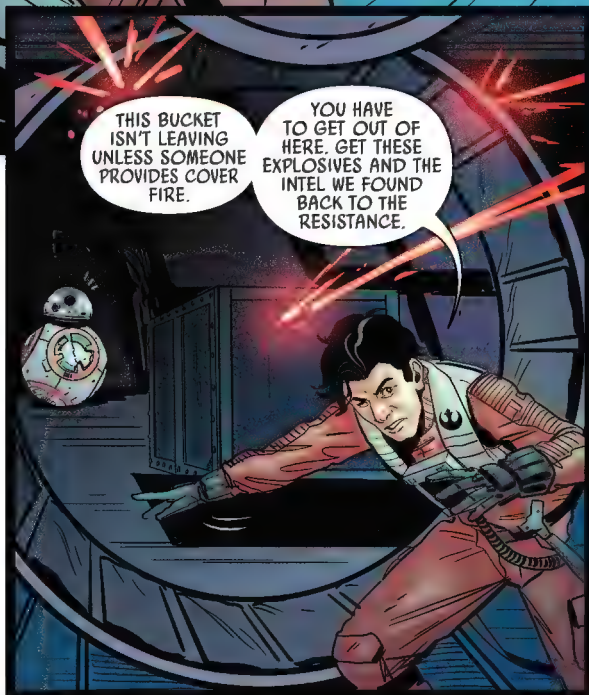
WHOOSH!

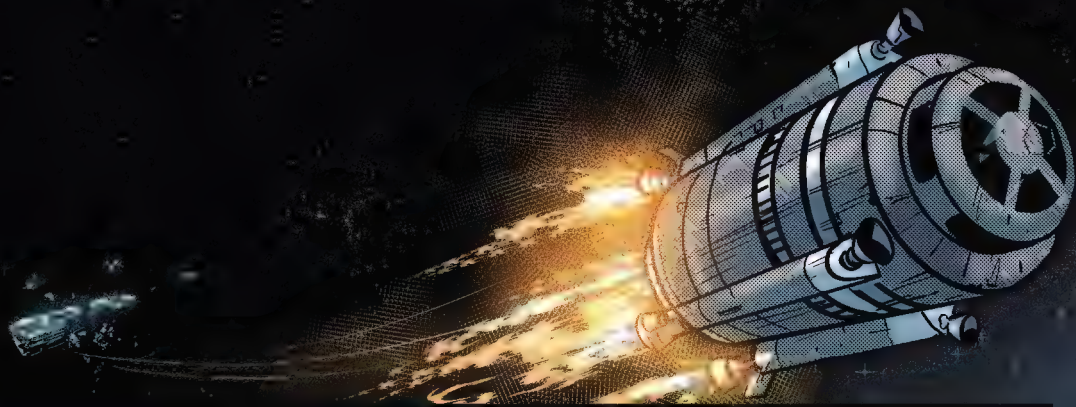
AAAIIIEEEE!

ATTABOY, BEEBEE. HOW ABOUT WE GET OUT OF HERE?

BREET
BA-WHOOP!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN--









ZKK!

ZKK!

ZKK!

ZKK!

ZKK! ZKK!

ZKK!

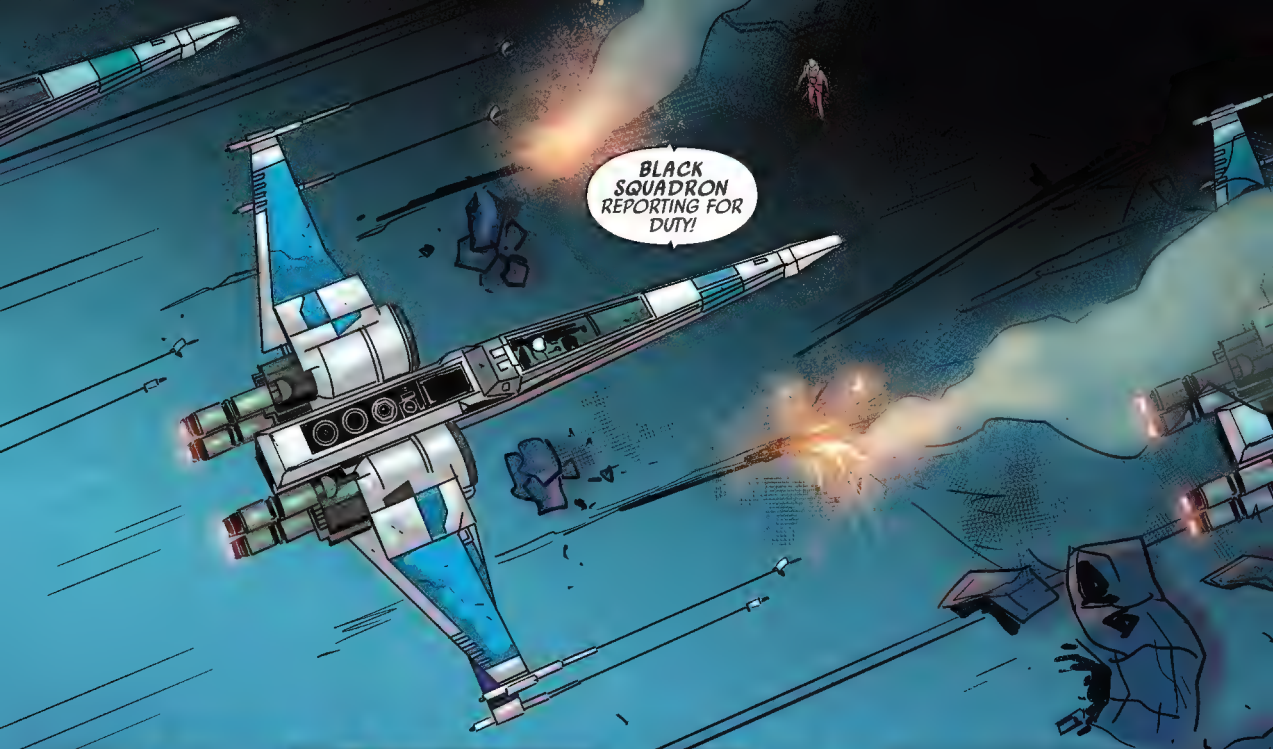
ZKK

ZKK!

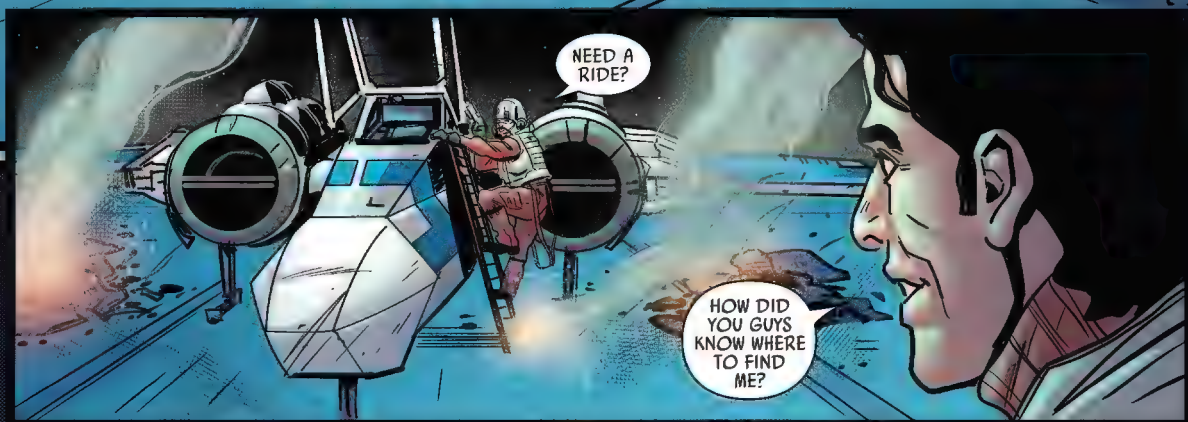
ZKK!

ZKK!

BRKBOOM!



BLACK SQUADRON
REPORTING FOR
DUTY!



NEED A
RIDE?

HOW DID
YOU GUYS
KNOW WHERE
TO FIND
ME?



HOW DO
YOU THINK,
GENIUS?

"GENERAL..."

Later...





To Be Continued in
Poe Dameron #16!

POE DAMERON

NEXT ISSUE:



n o t o

• Tour •
THE SEVEN SEAS

With

**BLACK MANTA
EMPIRE**



Call 555-FISH